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LY "PHE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER IX.

It is eight o'clock on the ensuing morning when Lucy, Millicent's maid, rushed sobbing into Mrs. Brand's betroom.

"On, na'm! Oh, my young lady! Oh, ma'm! Oh! poor Miss Millicent!"

"What! What is it! Speak, girl!"
commands Mrs. Brand, her face growing pale with nervous expectation.

"Oh, na'm! that I rhould live to see this day! Oh, poor, dear Miss Grey!
Her as I was fond-of. Her as never sair a word unkind to mortal soul. To see her now, and to think that only yester day!"

"What do you mean, girl?" cries Mrs. Brand, ribging the bell frantically, "Good heavens! What has happened to Mrs. Grey?"

Mica Grey?"

"Oh, to only look at her, ma'm—I thought I'd have dropped at her feet when I pushed the door back, never knowing why it was so hard to open and she lying against it, with her poor head?"

Airs. Brand in a choked tone, and, hurry-ing past her, made her way to Millicent's bedroom.

bedroom.

Already two or three servants have gathered there. The door is open, and they are stooping ever something lying on the floor almost immediately beyond the threshold.

Mrs. Brand, with a little cry, and pale Mrs. Brand, with a little cry, and pair and trembling, rusies forward, the ser-vants part involuntarily, and there lying upon the ground, to all appearance life-less, lies Millicent. Her head is thrown backward, and one hand is tightly

"She is fainting. It is only a faint!" cried Mrs. Brand, with an anguish in her cried Mrs. Brand, with an anguish in her tone that belies the meaning of her words. "What are you all standing idle there for?" turning upon the terrified women. "Has no one thought of sending for a doctor?"
Shate to

"His no one thought of sending for a doctor?"
She is down on her knees now beside the pale still form, and has raised the cold head on her arm.
"Yes, ma'n; James has gone for a doctor," sobs the housemaid nervously.
"Help me to lift her. So! Oh! be gentle, girl! There—on her bed. Pull up the blinds—what are they down for at this hour?—one would think she wan dead!"

dead!"
She says this vehemently, with a sort of defiance. But the awful word is too much for her—it has hardly passed her lips when her fletitous anger gives way, she bursts into tears, and, falling on her inces beside the bed, she stretches out her arms to the unconscious body.

"Oh! my child! My pretty girl! Whet is it? What has happened to you? Oh! Millicent, speak to me!"
The doctor entering at this moment, she calms herself by a surreup effort for

Millicent, speak to me!"

The doctor entering at this moment, she calms herself by a supreme effort, for in truth the poor woman is terribly unnerved—no smallest suspicion of tragedy having ever come near. her before, in all her calm, easy, luxurious life.

"II'm! ha!" says Dr. Thesby, snffling about him suspiciously as he walks lightly to the bedside and stoops over Mil-

"Let me see it," rays Millicent suddenly, in a voice so much atrooper and with such excitement on her pate face that the doctor thinks it better to accede to her request, while still entreating her to "Be calm!—be calm! and above all things to be calm!"

"As if," said Millicent afterward to Nadine, "any one could be expected to be calm who had just escaped being murdered, and had had the finest supphires in Enlgand stoles from her?"

The handkerchlef is a large, coarse, common one, white in color, and of such a texture as might be used by a respectable artisan on a holiday making.

"It is a clew," says the doctor triumphantity, but Millicent, though she could not have put her conviction into words, feels that it will reserve the feels that it will reconstitute in the could not have put her conviction into words, feels that it will reconstitute of the content of th

phantly; but Millicent, though she could not have put her conviction into words, feels that it will never help to bring the real offender to justice.

"But what brought the man here—that is what I want to know?" demands Mrs. Brand, with a little spreading of her hands, when the doctor has called some hours later to find his patient has been sleeping quietly during his absence, and has only roused to consciousness sgain upon his entrance.

"Not a word have I let her speak—not a word," may Lira. Brand, with very pardonable pride, considering the extent of her duriosity.

donable pride, considering the extent of her cariosity.

"Well, I must speak now," murnars stillicent, still very feebly, but with a accided increase of strength that the doctor finds very retisfactory.

"Why, we shall have her downstairs in no time," declares he joyletly.

Then Millicent faunches into a description of the man who had thrown a houd-kerchief over her face and left her to live or die, as chance dictated, while he made good his escape. It is this information that calls forth from Mrs. Drand the question as to what brought him into her house at all that unseemly midnight hour.

her nouse at all that thiseemity midnight hour.

"All number" says the rirl, looking at her out of her cushioned arm chair, with great pathetic eyes that have grown greater because of the regretful tears that are filling them. "Do you not know? Do you but know? Do you but know? When you opened my hand, and the sapplifes locked dropped out, tild you guess nothing them?"

"No, child—no."

"That locket in clift to me."

"No, child—no."
"That booket is a gift to me."
"A gift? I know that," impatiently.
"A gift from your Uenle Thouthy, with all the rest of those very beautiful stones. A magnificent gift, truly."
"Not—a gift from the man who has stolen all those unriveled stones!"
"Stolent" Mrs. Brand falls back in her chair, and mas, at 19 lillionet with her chair, and mas, at 19 lillionet with the

stolen all those unriviled Hones:

"Stolen!" Mrs. Brand falls back in her chair, and games at Hillicent with horror stricken eyes.

"What! Gone! Those priceless sapphires!" ries Dr. Thesby, who is an old friend of Mrs. Drand's, and had been shown the numptions gift of Throthy Boyle when first presented to Miss Grey.

"Ah!" says Millicent, laughing hysterically, "the burglar evidently did not think them, as you do, priceless. No doubt he is refreadly pricing them—is arranging low to break them up and sell them, breaking up—my—loyely—neck. them—treaking up—ny—lovely—neck-let—my beautiful"— Here, being still very week, she gives up her mournful de-scription, and subsides into a storm of

ceription, and subsides into a storm of tears.

"There, there, darling! Oh, don't gry like that! Think of your weak attic. But what an analosions thing! Bless me, what will your uncle say! Now, my dearest love, I implore you to control yourself. Remember how that unmitigated villada nearly deprived you of your life only a few short haurs ago. In this very chamber, Dr. Thesby. Oh! to think of it! It must have almost happened on this very spot!" Here she grows tragic, and speaks in a deep bass tone that she believes betita the occasion. "Oh! Lillicent, darling, you will break my heart—your old mustic a heart—if you keep on sobbing like that. Beard den! dear! to think that these supplieres—helricoms, doctor—and the finest in Europad—indeed, in Europe, I might safely say—are now being melted down—that is, broken up, or whatever it is those icrrible men do to them—while we are sitting inactive here! Can nothing be done? Oh! doctor—Dr. Thesby! What is the matter with her nows—has that wretch sneeded in killing her after all?"

Millicent, in fact, driven to despair by this proloned lament, has gone into vio-

cerded in killing her after all?"
Milliceut, in fact, driven to despair by
this prolonged lament, has gone into vio-lent hysterics.
"No, ma'm, he heav't," says the des-tor, with severe mearing, who had tried to stem the flow of Mrs. Brand's elo-quence, exceptly bit ineffectually, during the past five minutes.

lleent. "Young lady been playing pranks with chloroform?"

"Ois, not Jusposcible." exclaims Mrs. Drand. "Indeed, I hardly think there is not part the house. Certainly houe that is not rader lock that key in my own recent." "Nevertheless. there is chiroform here, or has been," rays the dector, stilling again. He has been examining Millicent while speaking, and now calls by regian things to be brought him by the affinding servants. Seeing Mrs. Brand's distress, he turns kindly to her. "I can't quite make it out yet, but yay compose is by no means beyond the power of man, my dear madame. Your nices is by no means beyond the power of man, and whisper a word or two to her atat.

"No whispering, I flick—no confidences just yet," says Dr. Theoly, rubbing his hands. "Though I agree with you, my dear kelly, tat no time should be bot about secing fate this—ex—i-ruby good woman," turning sharply to one of the mails.

"As handkerchief, ch' Picked up by yon? Lying on Miss Grey's face—partly so' ch? Think what you are saying now, my good girl, as I dire say you will have to repeat it pretty ofter later on."

Yes. The girl land picked it up when first she stooped over Miss Grey. It was not exactly on her face, but looked as if it had allipped off it.

Tile doctor, folding it neatly, puts it in his breast pocket. "Inportant evidence in the face of the rengal of the aroma that still clings to the rengate of the rengal of the aroma that still clings to far many reavons, would not consent to confidence she confidence she contain the decipt of the aroma that still clings to far many reavons, would not consent to confidence she would carry her on through life, her was not exactly on her face, but looked as if it had allipped off it.

Tile doctor, folding it neatly, puts it in his breast pocket. "Inportant evidence indeating the control of the mains and exactly in the face of the rengal natters by declaring to her mutie that though she considered she knew as much masse as would carry her on through life, her and with such correlatio

Millicent, nothing loath, makes her a present of the entire seems from beginning to end.
"He might have been a much worse burglar, all things considered, and there

possessor of his heart. He left me that at lenst."

"The coward!" says Nadine, chasping her pretty hands, "to attack alone one poer woman! But, Millieent, from what you fell me, I—I don't think the burging could have been quite a common man, Was he tall—handsome!"

"Handsome! Why, I couldn't see a feature in his face. You don't suppose that that sort of person comes ground with an open, ingenuous countenance, resdy for all men's inspection! If me, you are mistaken. My burgiar came with a mask that prevented me from seeing the chiscled features that I feel convinced iny beneath it. Altogether, he was not of the countion, every day lot that one meets. He was a departure from the regular lines. He was strange to me! Strange! And yet!"

Saddenly the half regeling wholly one Schedult the half regeling wholly one.

lines. He was strange to me! Strange!
And ret!—
Suddenly the half mocking, wholly gay
air she has used hitherto drops from her,
and the turns upon Nadine a startled
plance. She legans toward her, and laying ther hand upon her shoulders, subjects
her to an exhaustive cerutiny.

"I must speak. I must tell you," she
says at last. "It has weighed upon me
ever since, and—and—the others would
consider it in the light of a nightmare,
or cles cay the idea arose from a feel.ng
of nervous horror; but it did not."

"What is it, Millicent? You forget I
do not understand," says Nadine, a little
awed by the selemnity of the other's
glaine.

awed by the actemity of the other's glance.

"Just this, that that terrible burglar, from the time he entered my room to the time he left it, seemed strangely familiar. I cannot account for it. His voice I never heard before. He was dressed in the clothes of a common workmen, and I know no workman. His face, indeed, was hidden."

She stops abruptly on though oppressed by some hidden thought.

"Yes, it was hidden," she cays at last.

"Yet, in pursued by a bideous fear that if I could have removed that mask the features would have been familiar to me!"

the features would have been familiar to me!"

She sinks back in her chair, looking pale and exhausted.

"It is mere nervousness," says Kadine tenderly. "A chimera arising from an overwrought sensibility. Do not think of him again, darling. Rest, and time will cure you of that foolish phantasy."

"Nothing will cure me of the certainty that a face well known to me lay lehind that humble mask," returns Milleent with a shudder.

She rallies a little after a while, and a swift smile curves ker lips.

"We are a doomed fauilty," she says gayly. "A prey to burglars. First my aunit, Lady Valworth's, diamonds disappear, not to be restored by all the deappear, not to be restored by all the deappear, and now my

swift smile curves Ler lips.

"We are a doomed family," she says gayly. "A prey to burgiers. First my aunt, Lady Valworth's, diamonds disappear, not to be restored by all the detective power in England, and now, my sapphires! Poor Uncle Timothy! he gave much of his lite to a contemplation of those stones, and now a vulgar criminal is the pessessor of them. It is very cruel of me to laugh, is it not? Especially as I am the only one that can see a comical side of the affair. Yes, I am sorry that I am not more sorry because of their disappearance."

"Has Mr. Boyle yet heard of their being stole?"

"Not yet. He was to have been kere this morning, but?"

"The was here this morning, darling," says Mrs. Brand, who has just entered the room and heard the drift of the conversation, "but you were then so weak that of course I could not see him. He heard nothing, as I told Brown to be silent about our sensation to any caller—so be merely left word that he looped your lendache would be better soon (I suggested headache to Brown as a general and safe sort of not at home), and that he would call again to-morrow morning."

"Wonderfully attentive for him," says Millicent, smoothing down the laces of

'Wonderfully attentive for him," says llicent, smoothing down the laces of

to stem the flow of Mrs. Brand'a cloquence, engerly but ineffectually, during the past five minutes.

CHAPTER X.

It is about five in the effermeon when Natine rushes up the stafrs, berrifed by what the has just heard in the lealt, and fings herself into her fread's grass.

"Such a thing to happen to you!" she crits, in her little rapid fashies. "The miscreant!—the assassin! Oh, Millicent, when Brown" (the butler) "stopped me in the hall to tell me the dreadful ness I nearly fainted. Only the idea of teeing you face to face to make sure of your escape austained me, and gave me strength to get here."

Indeed, the is as pale as a gheat, and her eyes are full of teens. Sweet eyes, as full of love as tears.

"Well, now you have seen me," with a "O'Vonderfully attentive for him," says Millicent, smoothing down the laces of her lose govn.

"Dar fallow! He is always all he ought to be! So like his good her." ought to be! So like his good her." on Mrs. Brand presently. "Insent femiliary been a clever man, and holds out great hopes of being able to capture the robber and restore to you your sapphires, even should the orbber go to Antwerp or some of those foreign closely watched. He really gave me great hope, Your uncle Timolly has fall its love as tears.

"Well, now you have seen me," with a "O'Course he feels the loss of the jewels, He thought a great deal of them. That

dine, considering their size and the'r purity. I assure you, people have been known to go out of their minds for far less cause. Are you going now, my dear? Well, I suppose it is getting late. Such a comfort it has been to me to know you were with Milli ent while I was trying to explain things to those stupid De Laines. They would have it that my poor child had had her kull erushed in, and that the burglar had been discovered hiding behind the drawing room curtains—such monsense, you know! Well, good night, then, dear child. Be sure you come as early as you can on Thursday; Millicent is always so much better when she has had an hour with you."

I laving kiesed Nadine, of whom indeed she is extremely fond, Mrs. Brand ushers her down the staircase and through the hall. the diamond robbery at Valworth; yetif she had taken my savice a recovery
might have been effected. Mind, I do not
say it would," says Capt. Beyle, who
seems determined to give everyone a
chance; "I only say it night."
"But—but surely you would not aftach suspicion to Irown?" says Mrs.
Brand, nervounly, who is easily swayed.
"There are other servants in the louise
besides Brown; and people some and go—ch?"

CHAPTER XI.

"The thing is how to discover him. Those fellows nowadays are so difficult to unearth, and our detective system is so painfully inefficient."

"I don't want him," says Milleent, who is looking very pretty and fragile in her invalid gown of white cashnere and lace. "I only want my sapphires. I was saying to auntic only this morning what a very remarkable thing it is, that both Lady Valworth—your mother—and I should have been made a prey of burglars."

"Odd! The same thought struck me only this morning," says Granit, showing all his white teeth as he smiles. ("What a bite he could give," thinks his fancee, watching him.) "Quite a coincidence, sh! But it must be acknowledged your loss is even greater than hers. Those sapphires were unrivaled, and will fotch a high price anywhere."

"Your loss, too, Granit," says Mrs. Brand. "Your future wife"—with a smile at Millicent—"will loss a little of her prestige now she has eccased to be the possessor of these famous jewels."

"My future wife," says Granit gracefully, "will not need the addition of any jewels to make her the most beautiful woman in England."

"Ye gods!" cries Miss Groy, apringing suddenly to her feet and rushing across the room to a mirror. "Am I that The most beautiful woman in England."

"Ye gods!" cries Miss Groy, apringing suddenly to her feet and rushing across the room to a mirror. "Am I that Am I that now, my good Granit! Or is it the fact of being your wife that will make me as"

"Now, of course. And then, too, I hope,"

make me may

"Now, of course. And then, too, I hope."

"Wrong now, at all events, my friend," after an exhaustive examination of her pretty form in the mirror, "I know some one at this very moment who is unspeakably better worth looking at than I am."

"Isady Landing!"

"No! I prefer myacif to her. I was thiaking of my little friend—my youthful instructress—Nadine Roche. By the bye, what a singular thing that you have never acen her."

"Quite as aingular that she has never seen me."

"She did—once."

Boyle turns straight round and looks at her. He had been tensing the parrot up to this. Though he does not speak, something in his free compels her to an swer him as though he had done so.

"Yes—once, really; so you are not as funknown to fame as you fungine."

"She told you so!"

"She confessed as much. But, as you seem modeat about it, perhaps it will comfort you to learn that what she did see was only the back of your head, and a bit of your nose. You know, if you will wear your nose so long you cannot expect it to altogether escape observation."

tion."
Granit laughs.
"So that was all she saw? She can have no idea then what a good looking fellow! am," he says, with a mischievous abrug, "Not the slightest. Your persistent refusal to folige all your admirers by sitting to a photographer has put it out of my power to give Nadino some faint idea of your charms."

ting to a photographer has put it in the photographe of your charma."

"Just as well; she might have been overpowered by them," returns Grant, who has gone back to his task of reducing the parrot to a state of frenzy.

"Not that I believe in photographs," goes on Millicent. "There is letty Lunabelie, she looks like a Venus on cardboard—like a dairymald in the flesh."

"To say nothing of Mrs. Benby, who looks like a saint in the flesh, and like a Bacchante, as portrayed by Dessonains. Pur rather glad I'm out of it. I rejoke to think my face is still my own. Photograph."
—with a cur-ous little laugh—"are dangerous."

"If every one thought that the detectives would be oftener at fault than they are," says Mrs. Brand. "Dealby who says, coldly. "I was alliding to the burglar."

"All of him I could never feel jealous," returns he, easily. "Of that you may be positively certain."

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"All of him I could never feel jealous," returns he, easily. "Of that you may be positively certain."

"All of him I could never

gerona."

"If every one thought that the detectives would be oftener at fault than they are," says Mrs. Brand. "Photographs are been the means of bringing many criminals to justice."

"As I have said—they are dangerous," replies her nephew.

"I wish we had some pleture of the wretch who has rebbed Millicent."

"But you see you layen't."

"You take it very easily—yet you must regret the jewels. Grand," says Mrs. Brand, freifully, who is of opinion that nothing now should be thought of but the irreparable loss her alece has sustained, and who regards the presentifivolity as being distinctly in bad taste considering all things. Indeed, she would have considered it hardly out of place if some one had pulled down the blinds and put muffling on the knocker.

"I assure you I do not regret them. I have nothing to regret," returns he, laughing lightly. Then he looks at Millicent. "How can I find room for regret when I see my cousin safe and well?"

Millicent is as touched by his manner as it would be possible for him to move her.

"Certainly he bears the less of those jewels very well," like says to herself; "and he used to be their most extravi-

"Certainly he bears the less of those jewels very well," she says to herself; "and he used to be their most extravagant admirer. Sometimes it irritated me to think he looked upon them with a proprietorial eye, but after all I believe I wronged him. If they were still in my possession or in his he could not be more unconcerned."

She gives him a little bladly change of the second of the secon

possession or in his he could not be more unconcerned."

She gives him a little kindly glance as a reward for this, which seems to afford him some seeret amissement.

"The thing that puzzles me," goes on Mrs. Brand, who cannot keep her mind off the subject, "is how the miscrent got in. Certainly Brown confesses he is not in the habit of putting up the chain at night—a most reprehensible neglect, for which I have severely censured him; but, admitting that, I do not see how the burglar could have had a door key exactly like ours. It is one of a most peculiar pattern; poor Mr. Brand quite prided himself on it."

"The more peculiar, the easier to take

self on it."

"The more peculiar, the easier to take an impression of it," says Granit.

"To take an impression?—to get a false key made? But that means you would suspect the servants. I could not do that; they are all old servants—old friends, indeed, I might almost say."

"You are like my mother. She will not believe the servants were implicated in

All anteoriptions are due with

SEVERAL AVOIDABLE DEFORMITIES Lasting Results of Maternal Neglect

the diamond robbery at Valworth; yet it she had taken by edvice a recovery might have been effected. Mind, I do not say it would, "says Capt. Bejle, who seems determined te give averyane a charter." It only say it night."

It is not to be doubted that miny to determine the proposed state of the same sheates Brown; and people some and go-off. There are other servants in the house beddes Brown; and people some and go-off. We one comes and go-off. We come come come to the gold with the comes, who want that your displicitly. We will be good to the proceedings? Are you not long to the word."

"Your deplicitly. Come, speak, I way to the comes, who want that your displicitly. We come come comes to the proceedings? Are you not long to the your displicitly. We will be good that you have been being very come who had a band in abstracting your matter of a good that you we have been been good that you will be good to the your will be goo

Sinughtering Deer in Missouri.

chief. I think you told me."
"Onte coarse."
"Well, you could hardly expect a burg-lar to have a cambric one."
Granit scens amaned.
"My burglar was not a common man, whatever your mother's may have been."
Interposes Millicent. His voice I cannot describe, because it was distinctly feigned-but something in his whole air forbadthe thought that he was of the lower classes. I cannot explain; I must only ask you to try to understand and follow ms." ask you to try to understand and follow ins."

The iniscreant!" ejaculates Mrs. Brand, indignantly.

"In spite of all I really confess to a feeling of sentimental regard for him," says Millicent, gayly. He might have nurdered me, but he refrained: and he was no far removed from any suspicion of meanness that he actually forced a gift upon me ere ho left. Consider that, auntle, and he more lenkent in your abuse."

"I dure say you will persuande yourself by degreess that he fell in love with you," says Mrs. Brand, who is a little off-ended at any jesting or so solemn a subject.

De Lesseps' Deathly Etteh.

An Oswego (N. Y.) mechanic, who has just returned from Panama, where he was at work for the canal company, says that employes are being buried daily by hundreds. Three trains are run out of Aspinwall each day bearing bodies of dead employes, which are taken to a place called "Monkay Hill." These three trains bear three classes of corpace. The first is known as "dumpp"—those who have neither friends nor money. The acond train contains these who die at work. The third contains these who die at work. The third contains these whose friends can pay for a decent burial. At the burying ground a long trench is dug and the bedies are dumped in and covered over with two or three feet of earth. The great objection to the foed is the manner of cooking. Everything is cooked with onions. They are found in the soup and hash, and the beefsteak is smothered in them. Even the test and coffee taste and smell of onions. The employes of the American Dredging company always receive pay in silver issued by the Chillian government, and each dollar is worth about sixty-five cents. Two Osyego men have arrived home to-day thoroughly disgusted with Panama. Several others are at Aspinwall suffering with fever.—New York Letter. De Lesseps' Deathly Eitch.

Autiline Colors in India.

Strong measures are being taken in Pensia to prevent the importation of aniline dyes for use in textile manufactures, such as carpets and brocades. It is mainstained that these dyes are not only less artistic and stable, but also that they are positively injurious to health as compared with indigenous dyes. A similar movement is being felt in India, where large quantities of aniling colors are used; and it is expected that, unlers action to speedily taken, Indian fabrics will loso much of their reputation.—Boston Transcript.

in Philadelphia Times.

Stanghtering Deer in Misseari.

On Hurricanie crock are two expert deer hunters, who have been bagging deer and turkey on the wholesessia plan since the opening of the game season. They came from Michigan in September. Since the deer senson opened they have shot and killed thirty-eight deer and only wounded one which they did not finally capture. They use no dogs, but thoy go through the woods stealthily and travel but a short distance apart. They use the Martin magazine rifle. Three times out of five if a deer starts up before those one of the hunters stops him the first shot. Falling to do this, they follow the animal up with three or four shoots in quick succession. If the deer should escape this fusiliade, and disappear from sight, both kunters strike out after him like a streak of greated lightning. They go bounding over lega and through brush like a streak of greated lightning. They go bounding over lega and through brush like a streak of greated lightning. They go bounding over lega and through brush like a streak of greated lightning. They go bounding over lega and through brush like a streak of greated lightning. They go bounding over lega and through brush like a streak of greated lightness. By the sound of these whistics. By the sound of these whistics they telegraph to each other the course of the game they are purauing—whether it is bearing to right or left, or moving straight abead. Nine times out of ten they will reach the aummit of a divide before the deer reaches the apox of the next divide, and then they open first again. That deer is made of good stuff that gets away without taking some of their lead with him—that rises and shows himself anywhere within forty rods, and these lunters ray they have wounded only one deer since they came that they could not capture. This one was found a few daya after it was shot, but it was spoiled. They ship all their venison to 5t. Louis parties. They realize twelve and a half cents a pound for the addles, which is all they ship.—St. Lo

which is all they ship, -St. Louis Ropub-

The "Bandwich" Advertis-ment.

Pethaps the most obnoxious method ever deviced by dealers to draw attention to their wares and their places of business is the welking advertisement or human randwich. We mean of course the perantial and their places the trademark of his temporary owner. Sometimes he is three-fourths transformed into a huga shirt, colossal hat or a locomotive larrel or is encazed in billboards telling the public where the "bosa necktied" may be purchased. There are even worse forms of this bid for patronage which become veritable nuisances and call for police interference. To make a human being, endowed with reason, feelings and a heart in his bosons such a "guy," and for a mere pittance, is something that requires considerable hardij hood inteed. And no sensible husiness man believee that the silly device pays.—New York Grapi c. The "Engdwich" Advertisement

The Bullet That Killed Nelson.
Half of the bulles which killed Lord Nelson is now in the possession of Capt.
John II Button of Hamden, Com. He tells the story thus: John Hepburn, granduncle of Capt. Burton, and after whom he was named, was sailing master of the Victory, Nelson's flagship. After Nelson was wounded he was removed to the ecclipit of his vessel and the surgeon, after extracting the bullet, cut is into two pieces, and gave one to Capt. Hardy, of the Victory, and the other to Sailing Master Hepburn. The latter gentleman served in a similar capacity on a number of vessels, and once, while on the Turkish coast, he had a native artist of Turkey construct an ivery case, in which the half of the bullet he had was placed, and in which it has been safely kept ever since.—Chicago Times. The Bullet That Killed Nelse